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Reading Room

## THE WAITING.

I wait and watch: before my eyes
Methinks the night grows thin and gray;
I wait and watch the eastern skies
To see the golden spears uprise
Beneath the oriflamme of day!

Like one whose limbs are bound in trance
I hear the day-sounds swell and grow,
And see across the twilight glance,
Troop after troop, in swift advance,
The shining ones with plumes of snow!

I know the errand of their feet,
I know what mighty work is theirs;
I can but lift up hands unmeet
The threshing-floors of God to beat,
And speed them with unworthy prayers.

I will not dream in vain despair,
The steps of progress wait for me:
The puny leverage of a hair
The planet's impulse well may spare,
A drop of dew the tided sea.

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,
And yet not mine if understood;
For one shall grasp and one resign,
One drink life's rue, and one its wine,
And God shall make the balance good.

Oh power to do! Oh baffled will!
Oh prayer and action! ye are one.
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil
The harder task of standing still,
And good but wished with God is done!

—John G. Whittier.

# THE PACIFIC

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"The trouble, I think, with us all
Is the lack of a high conceit;
If each man thought
He was sent to the spot
To make it a bit more sweet,
How soon we could gladden the world,
How easily right all wrong,
If nobody shirked,
And each one worked
To help his fellows along."

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It doesn't speak well for Oakland and Alameda county, nor for our boasted civilization, that a deputy county clerk should die at the hands of a mistress, quarreling over money which she had loaned to him in order that he might enter the saloon business. Men of better character should be found in such positions. The time will come when better men will be placed there, else our nation will go down into oblivion. As we write this note we think of what we wrote a day or two ago under the caption of "Acute Degeneration."

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That was indeed a cathedral-like gift which came recently from New York for Grace Cathedral which the Protestant Episcopal Church plans to erect on the hills of San Francisco. It was a check for fifty thousand dollars, and the request accompanying it was that it should not be merged with any other fund, but should stand as "the memorial trust fund"—the principal to be kept intact, and the income used under the direction of the Bishop of the diocese. With the Crocker block on Nob hill in San Francisco as a great cathedral site, and well-equipped churches dotting the city, here and there, it ought to be possible to say of her as it was said of old of the second temple that the glory of the latter house was greater than that of the former. Cathedrals and churches will fail of their mission if they do not bring into the city more of the presence of him who by his presence made the second temple more glorious than the first.

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It is comforting to learn that there is to be found occasionally something that somebody has not appropriated to his own use, to the detriment of the public. A daily paper, mentioning the recent exploration of Crater Lake cave in Southern Oregon by Joaquin Miller and others, states that it belongs to the government. After decades of such grabbing as has been disclosed during the last few years, it is astonishing that even a cave should be left. But it appears that the "Marble Halls of Oregon" came into the possession of the United States government only recently, and from private ownership. One of the exploring party which went through what Joaquin Miller has named the "Marble Halls of Oregon" says that the "halls" cover about a township and contain not less than twenty miles of chambers, halls, and rooms, many of which have never been opened. "The interior is composed of solid marble, white as snow, and of solid stalactites." The indications are that this cave will upon full exploration be found to be one of the most wonderful in the world—and will further add to the fame of the Pacific coast as the wonderland of the continent.

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Governor-General Smith of the Philippine Islands is a Roman Catholic, and it is his right to be such. Whether it is his right to be and do what he was and did on a recent occasion is a question. Not long ago in company with his wife the governor-general visited the shrine of the Virgin of Antipolo, a wooden image which was carried from Mexico to the islands by Spanish friars more than two hundred years ago. It is believed by many in the islands that the image possesses miraculous powers, and they adore it in way of worship. A Manila paper describes as follows the visit of the governor-general to the shrine: "The church bells were chiming when Antipolo was reached. Padre Chonco, curate of the Virgin's edifice, stood ready in ceremonial robes, to escort the governor-general and his wife to the altar, while the other members of the party remained farther back. When two pieces of tin were drawn aside by unseen hands, exposing to view the Virgin of Antipolo shining white under the dome, Governor-general and Mrs. Smith dropped on their knees. They remained in this devout attitude several minutes, while Father Chonco and his assistants filled the building with heavy incense and chanted in honor of the image to which thousands of people have made pilgrimages year after year that the lame might walk, the blind see, and the insane regain their minds. This being over, the Smiths and their companions were accorded the rare privilege of going behind the altar, where a closer view was had of the wonderful image." It is said that before leaving Antipolo, the governor-general and Mrs. Smith, signed at the request of Father Chonco a petition to the Pope, asking that the Virgin of Antipolo be made the patron saint of the Philippine Islands. The Northwestern Christian Advocate remarks concerning this incident: "Since the acquisition of the Philippines the Roman Catholic Church has used every means to convey the impression that it has established official diplomatic relations with this country, and in this effort it has been aided by Roman Catholic government officials. Such officials should be made clearly to understand that the nation is not to be hitched to their sectarian wagon. Governor-General Smith would not humble himself before such an image in America. He knows that his fellow Catholics in this country would not respect him if he did."

## "CAN A MAN OBSERVE THE SABBATH IN CALIFORNIA?"

The foregoing question was asked in an editorial in a recent number of the Sunday School Times.

In that connection it was said: Perhaps the devil's claim that Sunday agricultural labor is a necessity never received a harder blow than when the rural readers of The Sunday School Times accepted the invitation to cite in these columns (issue of March 24, 1906) their experiences on this point. It will be remembered that the evidence of hard, cold facts was overwhelming: from readers in California, New Hampshire, Kentucky, Colorado, New York, Michigan, Iowa, and Ohio, the answer came, based on the actual experience of farmers, that Sunday-labor (apart from caring for the physical needs of live stock) is not necessary to practical success, and that it has more than once blocked the way to practical success. But certain California Christians have a practical problem all their own. Two of them have written to The Sunday School Times about. One letter puts the problem for both:

"I was much interested in the replies to the Sabbath question. What would you do if you lived under an irrigation system? The water is turned into the 'laterals' from the main ditch, and water-takers have to use it by turn. What if your turn came on Sunday? It is a necessity, and if I refuse to use it when my turn comes, I lose my right to the water, and must wait until next 'turn,' and partially or entirely lose my crop."

The Times continues:

California has no Sunday law. One of the special causes for thanksgiving set down by the Sabbath Observance Association of the United States and Canada at the time of the 'Lord's Day Week,' last April, was the fact that there was on foot a 'movement to organize California with a view of having reenacted a much-needed Sunday law for that state.' But in the meantime, what shall a God-fearing California farmer do? Is there any hope for an exercise of practical piety while matters remain legally as they are? An expert legal view of the situation suggests that there is. A California attorney, who finds time from his professioinal duties to serve upon the State Sunday-school Association, has this to say of the matter:

"It is claimed that people living in irrigation sections of California are of necessity compelled to violate the Sabbath. Is it true that a man refusing to use his share of water when his turn thus comes on the Lord's Day thereby is deprived of the water?

"I have not been able to find that any court has ever directly passed upon this question. Moreover, there has been no Sunday law in California since 1883.

"It seems to me, however, that section IV, Article I, of the constitution of the State of California, expressly invalidates any regulations or laws by which a man would be forced to forego the exercise of his religious rights or else suffer the loss of property; and certainly to deprive him of water under these circumstances would be a very serious financial loss. The first paragraph of this section reads as follows: 'The free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall be forever guaranteed in this State.'

"To make a man irrigate his land on Sunday on penalty of being deprived of water for his failure so to do, it seems to me violates the foregoing provision.

"Section 62 of the Wright Act, as the law governing irrigation districts is commonly designated, contains this provision: 'In case the volume of water in any stream or river shall not be sufficient to supply the continual wants of the entire country through which it passes, and susceptible of irrigation therefrom, then it shall be the duty of the water commissioners, constituted as hereinafter provided, to apportion in a just and equitable proportion a certain amount of said water upon certain or alternate weekly days to different localities, as they may in their judgment think best for the interest of all parties.'"

The attorney says as to this: "An apportionment of water which compels a person to use it on Sunday if he uses it at all does not appear to me to be an apportionment made with due regard to his legal and equitable rights, especially in view of the foregoing provision of the constitution of the State of California

"It is quite probable, however, that any objection made to receiving water on Sunday would be disregarded and the objector would suffer considerable loss and be put to considerable expense before his position would be vindicated by a decision of the courts."

The concluding comment of the Sunday School Times is "So it would look like a first-rate opportunity for some hardy Christian man in the Golden State to tatke God at his word and confidently put this thing to the test. It ought not to surprise any one that it may call for some good, honest fighting to bring the right result to pass. The devil never yields easily. But he is being forced back, inch by inch, in this Sabbath-observance struggle, as recent events are proving. Some one will win the California victory against the devil; and it might just as well be one of the correspondents who have brought this question up."

"Take God at his word!" That is a good suggestion. There is a wide call for that in this day and age of the world. People are not doing it as generally as they should. It is the man who does it who will win in the long run—and the long run takes in not only the life that now is but also the life that is to come.

In some of the trying experiences which come upon Christians in the stress and strain of modern life, it is well that they pause and consider whether these are not such tests as came to the Man of Nazareth in the days of his temptation in the wilderness. Passing through them angels came and ministered unto him. So will they minister to all who overcome.

Oh, for men in every work in life who will do the right—what God has given them to see to be the right—let the consequences be what they may! The day is coming when men will so act. It was foreshadowed when Jesus told the disciples to pray: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

In view of what the attorney herein quoted has said it is not probable that any extreme loss would be suffered by persons bringing this Sunday irrigation matter to a decision in the courts. We believe with the Sunday School Times that here is a fine opportunity to test this matter—and for the very persons who have been writing concerning it. This much is plain. What they ought to do if the courts should decide against them would be for them to conclude later. But as hereinbefore said it is high time that more professing Christians were taking God at his

word. The Christian world is in great danger of forgetting what many of the heroes of the faith endured in the past in order that they might be counted worthy to live and reign with Christ.

## ACUTE DEGENERATION.

The old geographies divided the nations of the earth into savage, half-civilized, civilized and enlightened, says the New York Christian Advocate. The division at present, it remarks, is not so easy, for the so-called enlightened nations contain an immense proportion of half civilized and savage people. To describe the City of New York as half civilized, the Advocate says, would be regarded as a slander, "but whoever might do so could adduce abundant evidence."

Then, in its issue for August the 8th, the Advocate, under the caption "Acute Degeneration", continues:

"Up to Friday last, during a few months, one hundred and seventeen women and girls have been assaulted, some of them as inhumanly as ever savages treated their victims.

"As the editor of this paper was returning to the office, accompanied by a friend, a few days ago, he saw a very large crowd in front of the Century building. A single glance showed that it was no ordinary crowd. It was quiet, and contained many persons whose dress at least would not suggest either poverty or riotous living. The crowd, which then numbered perhaps three or four hundred, in a very few minutes became more than a thousand. We crossed the street, mingled with the crowd, penetrated to the center, and there upon the pavement, a few yards from the entrance to his place of business, lay a merchant whose estate is valued at many hundreds of thousands of dollars—a gentleman accomplished in various ways, charitable and philanthropic. His name was H. S. Tavshanjian. There, in the middle of the day, an insignificant looking person rushed upon him and without a word shot him dead. The assassin fled, but was captured after he had shot a young man, inflicting a very serious injury—an injury that may make him a cripple for life. It turned out that this gentleman was an importer of oriental rugs and carpets. His establishment occupied one full story of the building. From where all had been quietness a few minutes before, the body of the merchant, the assassin, and the wounded young man were taken away—the body to his beautiful residence and broken-hearted wife, the assassin to prison, and the wounded young man to the New York hospital. A nest of blackmailers, revolutionists and conspirators of various types has been uncovered. There seems to have been a society among the Armenians named Hunchakists, originally formed to promote insurrection against the Turkish government, but it fell into the hands of villains and the decent Armenians seceded from it, calling themselves reformed Hunchakists. Between the original society and the reformed the most intense hatred exists. The former have been writing to rich Armenians, threatening them with death if they did not furnish certain amounts of money by a given time. The money secured by such frauds has been spent largely for personal ends, and several persons who have refused to contribute very large sums specified have been killed.

"The United States is cursed at the present time with the feuds of vendettas of every country on the globe. Our doors have swung open wide. Murderers flee from other countries to this. While there is more stringency in the administration of the laws concerning immigration than formerly, they are not by any means adequate to meet the emergency. The police of this city now appear to be utterly inadequate to meet the necessities. A number of years ago we could point to Chicago as an example of a misgoverned city. To do so now, would be a case of the pot calling the kettle black."

These are only a few of the things going to show that this great nation needs to pray in the words of the poet,

> "Lord, God of Hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

Fair though our outlook be in many respects, we have within us seeds of decay, and they are sown not only by those who come to us from other lands, but as well by those of our own blood. The ultimate nation on American soil will not be the one that today so highly vaunts itself unless it shall mend its ways and show herself fit to survive. As to peoples and nations, as well as to other things, it is to be the survival of the fittest.

## SOME SUGGESTIVE STATISTICS.

Professor Charles J. Bushnell, of Washington, D. C., has compiled statistics which, in his opinion, show that our country is tending towards bankruptcy. This trend is attributed in part to the increase of the criminal and pauper classes, the cost of maintaining which is $6,000,000 a year. Ten millions of the people, one-eighth the population, he says, are now constantly in such poverty that they are unable to maintain themselves in physical efficiency; and 4,000,000 of them are paupers. In 1899—one of the prosperous years—18 per cent, or nearly one-fifth of all the people of the state of New York, had to apply for charitable relief; in 1903, 14 per cent of all families in Manhattan were evicted; every year about 10 per cent of all who die have a pauper's burial. The average wage of unskilled workmen throughout the country is less than the scientific minimum necessary for maintaining the average wokingman's family in physical efficiency. The last three of the United States censuses show that the insane in this country increased proportionately faster than the population. Dr. Bushnell also calls attention to the increasing use of intoxicating liquors as a source of national decadence. The annual consumption of intoxicating liquors increased in the last twenty-seven years from eight to more than twenty gallons for every man, woman, and child in the country. When it is remembered that two-thirds of all crime and disorder invariably is connected with drunkenness, it will be seen that this is a matter of vital concern.

Mills College opened for the year last week with an unusually large number of students. The institution, always popular, grows in favor with the passing years. It is a great work which Mrs. Mills has done in establishing and conducting this educational institution on the Pacific coast. It will stand ever as a fine monument to an earnest, well-spent life.

### THE ULTIMATE NATION.

Once Babylon, by beauty tenanted,
In pleasure palaces and walks of pride,
Like a great scarlet flower reared her head,
Drank in the sun and laughed and sinned and died.

Where Tyre and Sidon teemed with ships aload,
The wharves are idle and the waters lone;
And to the Temple that was His abode
In vain Jerusalem recalls her own.

Brooding the bygone from her sculptured seats,
In living rock her mighty memories hewn,
Along the Nile, wonder of water streets,
Old fertile Egypt is a stranger's boon.

Mark Athens, breathed upon by breath of gods,
With bards and sages to reveal her signs,
Leap like a flame above life's iron clods,
To fall in ashes upon vacant shrines.

And Rome, firm-founded in a wide emprise;
Her laws and legions, her imperial goal,
Avail not when her sometime honor dies,
Smothered in shows that kill the mounting soul.

Such names of pride and power have been brought low,
Lapsing alike into the cavernous years;
Out of the grayness of the long ago
Their ghosts flit homeless and we guess their tears.

The destiny of nations! They arise,
Have their heyday of triumph, and in turn
Sink upon silence and the lidless eyes
Of fate salute them from their final urn.

How splendid-sad the story! How the gust
And pain and bliss of living transient seem!
Cities and pomps and glories shrunk to dust,
And all that ancient opulence a dream.

Must a majestic rythm of rise and fall
Conquer the peoples once so proud on earth?
Does man but march in circles, after all,
Playing his curious game of death and birth?

Or shall an ultimate nation, God's own child,
Arise and rule, nor ever conquered be;
Untouched of time because, all undefiled,
She makes His ways her ways eternally?

Richard Burton in the Century Magazine.

## SINGING RUBBISH.

The Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked, who came recently from England to the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, has been taking Americans to task, in a Chautauqua address, for the rubbish they are singing in their churches. The New York Mail comments as follows:

Dr. Charles F. Aked is right. Americans are singing a certain amount of rubbish, most of which is imported from England, in their churches, simply because they are accustomed to sing it. Dr. Aked, at Chautauqua, has been reminding us of this. A newcomer, he is looking at our life with a keen eye for little anomalies to which we have long been habit-blind. One of these anomalies is that, in a land which has produced scores, perhaps hundreds, of writers of good devotional or religious verse, we go on supplying old-world words to the airs we sing in our churches.

"You are afraid," says Dr. Aked, "to use the beautiful religious poems which your own writers have given to the world." Apparently we are. Who is aware of any singing version, for instance, of Whittier's "Eternal Goodness?" Or of Dr. T. W. Parson's exquisite "Paradisi Gloria?" Several of Emerson's and Lowell's hymn-like chants are nobly worthy of devotional use, though in truth neither of these two poets was very regardful of the "singing quality" in writing verse. Stoddard's "Mors et Vita" is religious in its suggestion, and thoroughly musical in its form. So is Helen Hunt Jackson's "Last Prayer" and Theodore Parker's "Higher Good."

Hymnologists could do much worse, in choosing words to set to sacred music, than take Sidney Lanier's "Ballad of the Trees and the Master," or Edward Rowland Sill's "Prayer," with its fine last stanza, beginning "Oh, love us, for we love thee, Maker, God!" Rev. Theron Brown and Hezekiah Butterworth have written some excellent religious verses, and so have Bishops A. Cleveland Coxe and George W. Doane. No doubt there are people who will be shocked by the suggestion, but several of Walt Whitman's pieces would make magnificent chants—among them "Come, lovely and soothing death," and "Darest thou now, O soul?"

Dr. Aked is on the right track, but he goes a little too far in saying that "in America most of the hymns are doggerel." Of course there is good doggerel and bad doggerel. Some hymns and songs probably are doggerel, like "Coronation" and "The Ninety and Nine," but they approach the sublime, nevertheless. One line will often lift up a commonplace poem into the empyrean. Nothing is rubbish if it serves a high purpose. The Negro "spirituals" are good poetry—to the people who sing them with emotion; and some of them, like the words of "Let my people go" and "Swing low, sweet chariot," are good poetry anyway.

## THE IOWA FANATICS.

Accounts of the actions of these fanatics indicate that they differ somewhat from those who have at different times of late been manifesting themselves in a few communities on the Pacific coast.

We condense the following from the Methodist Protestant of Baltimore:

It seems incredible that people of ordinary intelligence can so misinterpret and pervert the simple rational and natural principles of Christ's gospel as to make them serve the ends of silly, heartless and inexcusable fanaticism. There is a cult in Iowa of which Mrs. Scott M. Ladd, wife of the Chief Justice of that State, is the leader. It claims hat its followers receive the power to speak strange and unknown tongues bv a sudden and inexplicable inspiration, and are thereby at once fitted to go to distant heathen tribes and teach them in their own tongue. They go off into trances and awake with this new power. It is a pretty safe trick. Nobody knows, for example, whether it is the language of a wild tribe in the jungles of Africa, or the mere discordant jargon of a brain bewildered and debauched by fanaticism.

The account of the meeting held July 14, in Des Moines, also developed a mehod of celestial guidance in love affairs. A virtual marriage in heaven—is the latest addition to the many strange things in the cult that Mrs. Scott M. Ladd heads and fosters. A "power" so odd and mysterious as to baffle the best experts of the city wields its influence over the destinies of a sect that has no equal in the United States.

Suddenly jumping up in the midst of a stirring meeting, John Brewster exclaimed:

"O, Lord, lead me to Mrs. Clyde Miller, whom the

spirit tells me to marry."

"Glory!" shouted Mrs. Miller. "My heart has left my body, and it tells me to become the wife of John Brewster."

Within six hours a license was procured and within the sacred precincts of the mission-house the couple were married, while the congregation stood and shouted their blessings as the ceremony proceeded.

Mrs. Miller is, incidentally, the possessor of twelve different languages, gained through the "power" she received in meetings and at various other times and ways. But her experiences are no different than those of the thirty other disciples of the religious body.

Moaning and rolling on the floor, going into trances that last for hours and being able to speak with no apparent training the languages of foreign races, these, in brief, are some of the "manifestations" that come to the followers of Mrs. Ladd's queer mission.

Mrs. Lila Miller while in a trance became the wife of George Sturges. When she recovered she ran two blocks to the river bridge nearby and back, then sank fainting to the floor, muttering, "Oh, God, deliver me from this." Soon after she fell into a trance lasting three days. When she became herself she was able to speak the African language, and with her husband will go to the Dark Continent to do missionary work.

Pretty Ethel Wallace lay all night in the mission-house, which was silent and deserted. When the meetings were resumed the following evening she was still there. Her skirts were awry. The shirt waist was open in front. In the rear of the building snickering youths made indecent remarks about the sprawling figure.

Without warning she sprang to her feet. Her hands twitched convulsively and her face worked terribly in its shroudlike pallor. Then she began to dance. She screamed and dug her nails into her flesh until the blood came. With a shriek she sprang toward Dr. W. A. Guile, who had attended the meeting in an effort to prevent the terrible work, and would have scratched out his eyes had she not been prevented. Then with a sigh she sank to the floor in utter collapse.

Miss Prudence Van Gilder, a pretty music teacher, lay in a trance for thirty days. She was unable to speak in all that time. Food was forced through her locked teeth by a tube. Hundreds of people visited her. At the end of the month she arose from her cot. But when she spoke it was in an unknown tongue. No one could understand it. Two weeks later, while attending a meeting, she was again stricken. Her body was as rigid and hard as marble, and it required the efforts of six strong men to carry her slight form to her home.

Judge Ladd, who is naturally in a most delicate position, has issued the following statement:

"No one can more profoundly regret these matters than I do. While I believe in absolute freedom of thought and religious belief, I also indorse the sentiment that the latter should be exercised without infraction of law.

"Some are differently constituted than others, and, though most people enjoy their religion decorously, others must shout and indulge in physical demonstrations. No man should interfere with the latter, unless they interfere with the rights of others, and then the law may be invoked for protection.

"I have not lent the mission my support financially or otherwise, and if Mrs. Ladd has participated in rendering the place obnoxious to the neighborhood, or in treating children as reported, no one can be more determined to correct this condition than I am.

"I shall investigate the matter thoroughly, and I need not further assure the public of the rectitude of my purpose. It is an exceedingly delicate matter to me, and, as will be manifest from a little reflection, a subject I discuss only from a sense of duty to those who have trusted me so much."

It is not strange that persons here and there should work themselves into a frenzy over a fad or a hobby, and proclaim it with all the enthusiasm of truth, but it is unaccountable that such a frenzy should enlist followers, who soon become more frantic and more fanatical than the originators of it. Can it be that Dowieism, Christian Science, The Gift of Tongues people, Holy Rollers, etc., prove, not only the Americans like to be humbugged, but that many of them take pleasure in being humbugs?

## COLLEGE TRAINED MEN AND RAILROADING.

### A Demand for Them.

According to the New York Tribune, men with college training are to be in greater demand on the Pennsylvania Railroad henceforth. The management it is said is making special efforts to get apprentices who have a technical education.

With the tremendous New York improvements of the Pennsylvania and other extensions all along the line there is the increasing need for operating men and engineers of experience and judgment. New places of responsibility are being created which are especially suited to men graduated from technical schools.

The Pennsylvania at the start gives a college man sufficient pay to afford him proper support, but there is no "soft snap" for him. He has to begin at the bottom of practical railroading.

It is in the maintenance of way department that the trained man is needed most these days. First he is rodman in the office of a division assistant engineer or in the construction branch of the department. After serving his term as rodman he is sent to Altoona.

Altoona is the seat of the greatest railroad educational establishment in the world. The novice is put to work in the yards there, which are seven miles long and contain about 210 miles of tracks. He learns the intricacies of shifting, how to keep car records, to manipulate signals, to classify cars, and to do many other things.

Altoona yards are left for the road. The graduate has now become assistant supervisor, and is assigned to some stretch of the line. Steel rails, crossties, ballast, tie plates, nuts, bolts, ditches for drainage—all these have to be known thoroughly. Then, perhaps, the assistant becomes a full-fledged supervisor; after that come the grades of assistant engineer and superintendent. When the college man gets to be a superintendent he has qualified as a railroad expert.

For the college man trained as mechanical engineer there is a special course at Altoona. He becomes a "special apprentice." He goes through the shops—boiler, blacksmith, wheel, car, tank and all the rest. Part of the time is spent in the drafting room and part in the testing room. Three months the railroad student devotes to firing an engine on the road. After this experience his promotions begin and he can reach the top.

## THE REFORMED JEW AND SUNDAY.

### What the Change From the Saturday Sabbath Indicates.

A Chicago paper stated recently concerning Rabbi Hirsch of that city:

"His broad toleration led him in 1886 to adopt for Sinai Temple the observance of the Christian Sunday instead of the Saturday sabbath of the orthodox Jewish Church. Not many of his congregation took kindly to the idea in its material substance. Affection for the leader of the congregation, however, led his people to the acceptance of the idea."

A member of the Rabbi's congregatioin made correction of this statement, saying that the change was effected by the congregation before Dr. Hirsch took charge; and, continuing, he said:

The vital principles of Judaism are the opposite of those of the Christian Church (not of the teachings of Christ, but of the Christian Church; mark well the distinction). The founders of our reform movement in transferring the sabbath day from Saturday to Sunday were not actuated by any idea of making concessions to the Church, as they have so often been accused, but by their anxiety to give the modern Jew, who had lost his sabbath on account of the changes in economic conditions, a sabbath again; and as the Jew could only observe the sabbath spirit on the universal day of rest, this change was made. Let it be understood, however, that in making the change the Jew had no intention of making the slightest concession to the Christian Church.

"Reformed Judaism is as much of a protest to the fundamental spirit of Christanity as is its orthodox wing, although both are most heartily in accord with the teachings of the mild and gentle Jew of Nazareth.

"Our reform movement is not a road toward Christianity, as our opponents would have the world believe, but a road deeper into the sublime ideals of Judaism."

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## EARLY MORNING ON RUSSIAN RIVER.

What says the river on its way?
  See, here it sleeps, and there it wakes
And stirs, as fuller light of day
  The far-off Radiance nearer makes.

Deep where it sleeps the shadows lie;
  Naught but the Near is mirrored there;
In restful green of varied dye,
  The friendly trees its bosom share.

* * * * * *

Do quiet souls find truer joys
  Where homely duties closer press
For human hands' and hearts' employ,—
  Life's glare apart, and heat and stress?

But this too, says the river's flow:
  Where motion is, there, there, is light!
And flash and sparkle are the glow
  Of Something near yet out of sight.

Still trees and changeless banks are dear
  To weary souls when Might seems Right:
Earth's stir and onrush shall make clear
  What meant that word, Let there be Light.

Though checkered, changeful, is the way,
  And Life a broken current shows,
Earth catches clearer Heaven's ray,
  And Heaven's secret sooner knows.

W. W. Lovejoy.

Guerneville, Cal., August 10th, 1907.

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# Among the Churches.

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**Petaluma.**—The Rev. R. W. Rogers of Prescott, Arizona, is supplying the pulpit during August.

**San Francisco.**—The name of the church heretofore known as Pierce Street Church has been changed to Mayflower.

**San Francisco, Park.**—The Rev. T. R. Earle, the pastor, is improving in health and hopes to be able to resume work early in September.

**Guerneville.**—The Rev. E. Hoskins is taking a rest at Beulah Heights in Alameda county, and Professor Lovejoy is occupying the pulpit for a Sunday or two.

**South Berkeley Chapel.**—The Rev. A. W. Hare is conducting a series of evangelistic meetings in the building which was opened up for worship a week ago last Sunday.

**Berkeley, First.**—The pastor has been adding to the few weeks' vacation taken several weeks ago, and the pulpit was occupied last Sunday by Prof. Castor of Pacific Seminary.

**San Francisco.**—Word comes from Sonoma county that the Rev. B. F. Sargent, pastor of Olivet church, is being much helped as to his rheumatic trouble by his sojourn at Monte Sano.

**San Francisco, Bethlehem.**—This church under the leadership of the new pastor, the Rev. O. L. Corbin, enters with large hope on the work opening up before it in that part of the city in which it is situated.

**Oakland, First.**—The pulpit was occupied Sunday morning by Dr. McLean who conducted the regular service and welcomed two persons into fellowship—one on confession. The Rev. David Beaton of Chicago spoke in the evening.

**Oakland, Pilgrim.**—This church had the pleasure of having with it at the morning and evening service President King and Professor O'Brien of Oberlin. Mills College having opened for the fall term the pastor is once more preaching three times each Sunday.

**Los Angeles.**—Frank S. Forbes, pastor of the Eastside Church, after a pastorate of nearly five years, has resigned,—the resignation to take effect the first of October. Mr. Forbes is a member of the senior class of the law department of the University of Southern California, and after graduating, will devote his time to real estate law, of which he is making a specialty. While he has given up the pastorate as a regular work he will not give up preaching, but will continue to preach in any needy field, on Sundays, where the people are not able to have a settled pastor.

## NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Clarence R. Brown, pastor of the First Church of San Diego, has been called to the pastorate at Hinsdale, Illinois. Should he accept, the Pacific coast will part from Mr. Brown regretfully.

No change for the better has been reported in the condition of the Rev. J. K. Harrison during the last week. About ten days ago there seemed to be improvement, but his condition since then has been worse than it was theretofore.

A subscriber at Riverside, a layman, sends five dollars for a vear's subscription, and adds: "My wife and I enjoy the weekly visits of The Pacific, and frequently are led to remark, 'The Pacific this week, is especially interesting—more than usually full of good matter.' I am sure God's blessing is on your work, and you are reaching far more people than you are aware of—and that for good. May you have strength of body, and mind, and spirit too, to go on with the good work, in the stand which you take for the growth of the church of Christ, and the advance of civic righteousness on the coast!"

The meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will be held in Market Street Church, Oakland, next Monday, beginning at 11 a. m. Lunch will be served by the ladies of the church for 35 cents a plate, and an afternoon session will be held. Matters of importance relating to Congregationalism in this part of California will come up for consideration. All pastors within fifty miles of San Francisco are members of this ministerial organization; also others who have been pastors and in this and other ways have acquired membership, or have been nominated and elected thereto. It will be in the interests of all to be in attendance at the meeting next Mnoday.

The California Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ will be held in Oakland next week, Bishop Bell presiding. The new church building in which the conference is to be held will be dedicated on Sunday September the 1st. We congratulate the United Brethren on all that they have accomplished in Oakland since they purchased the property of the Fourth Congregational Church a few years ago, at the time of its change of location. It has been a most excellent work and the United Brethren Church is a great influence for good in Oakland. We welcome to our cities about the bay these earnest Christian men and women as they shall gather from different parts of the state next week and consider the interests of the kingdom of our common Master.

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## THE WORK IN HUMBOLDT COUNTY.

Dear Editor: A few notes from Humboldt, just to let the rest of California Congregationalism know that we are still alive and struggling on.

**Ferndale.**—Pastor A. B. Roberts returned Saturday after a month's vacation spent among his folks and in his childhood home back in Ohio. He reports a very pleasant time. Church was closed during his absence.

**Hydesville and Rhonerville.**—Pastor J. W. Doane with his family spent a month camping out in the hills and is now back greatly strengthened for his arduous labors for the fall and winter. He is doing very splendid work on his field.

**Field's Landing, Loleta, Falk.**—The Rev. C. M. DuBose closed his work on this field July 1st. These churches have since had no preaching. Here is an opportunity for splendid service. The Congregational Church in all three places is the only church in town. The people have few other things to distract their attention. The young people attend services. A live, wide-awake man can do good service here in this portion of the Master's vineyard.

**Eureka.**—Services are well attended all through the summer. The Christian Endeavor Society lately voted to take a $30 share in the Mt. Silinda mission station in Africa. Nearly half of the money has already been paid in and more than the whole amount has been pledged. At their last business meeting they voted $10 to the church music committee, to be expended for anthems, etc., for the choir. The Men's Club during the year bought a splendid roll top desk for the pastor's study and took the initiative in advocating street signs for our city. These signs are now an assured fact. The membership is about thirty. The woman's missionary society is active and doing good work. The ladies' league has a membership of over 100. 2,000 cook books have just come from the press, which will be disposed of during the next few months and the receipts thereof added to the parsonage fund. The ladies are also busy planning for a big bazaar at Christmas time. The church has lost heavily during the year from removals. Not a church in town has suffered in this way like ours. Just recently we lost our choirmaster and his family, who have moved to the southern part of the state. This loss of the Keck family has fallen peculiarly heavy on us, for they were a splendid people, every one of them workers and faithful and stable. They filled a place in our church life which it is hard to refill. Prior to their departure the choir and friends gathered in Sequoia Park for a farewell reception, and during the evening presented Mr. Keck with a very fine gold nugget watch fob. The nugget was taken from the Klamath mines. But in spite of the removals, the church is steadily moving on. There have been accessions at every communion service save one since the present pastorate began. Eureka, we have reason to believe, will ere long be connected with the outside world by rail, and this prospect is bringing people here. Prospects are good for the starting of a second church in the near future in the Cutten district, where a Sunday-school has been maintained for several years and where the pastor now preaches once a month in the afternoon.

Eureka.

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## SOME MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.

H. F. Burgess.

It is now eight months since I became one of the pastors of the Sunnyside Church Federation and the missionary representative of our Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society for Central Washington.

### The Church Federation.

Six denominations federated into one organization in a community having a total population of about 4,000 seemed to me almost ideal. I had long deprecated the divisive tendency of our Protestant Chris-

tianity and I believed that here we had a practical demonstration of the fact that brethren of different creeds could worship together in the true Christian spirit of love and unity. The plan seemed to me quite in harmony with the proposed union of denominations to be considered at our National Council. The Sunnyside Federation of Churches, which is nearly as old as the town itself, has rendered valuable service. Several denominations thus uniting were able to put up a commodious meeting house long before the various churches could have built independently. Worship was centralized and the church-going habit promoted.

A gentleman from Pomeroy was driven into Sunnyside one Sunday morning, and seeing the streets lined with people and conveyances, he asked if there was a circus in town. He could hardly believe it when told that the people were only going to church, as usual. Moral influences and revival efforts were thus effectively concentrated.

Our Congregational organization, being one of the smallest, found the Federation a very convenient arrangement. It enabled them to keep a pastor and still allow him time to fill another position with the Sunday-school Society, thus supplementing his income until such time as the local church should be able to assume his entire support and command the means to build a house of worship on the two valuable lots they have already purchased.

As the population increased, the Federated Church building was outgrown and had to be enlarged. Denominational zeal became more pronounced and the constraints incident to federation became more keenly felt. Each denomination in the Federation had its own pastor and church organization. All parties being co-ordinate, there was no head. Occasionally a prayer meeting had no leader appointed. Strangers complained of receiving no welcome. Denominational benevolences could not be brought before the congregation.

The Sunday-school could not use denominational literature of any kind. The Endeavor Society was deprived of such definite objects as come through our denominational boards. Pastors were delicate about offering help and counsel to young people who were not identified with their own people, and they were sometimes neglected.

The Methodists were the first to propose disintegration. They were joined by the Baptists and members of the Christian Church. These offered to sell their interests in the Federated property at 60 cents on the dollar. The three remaining denominations, embracing the Brethren, Congregational and Presbyterian, formed a new Federation for a period of time not less than three years and bought the property. The arrangement is generally regarded as temporary, for, as one man expressed it, "There are not many families which would care to occupy a house in common with several other families, with the constant danger of offending or being offended and the absence of privacy. Interests and opinions are bound to differ, more or less. Hence, as a rule, each family prefers to have some place all to itself which it can call home."

I have learned to include my church when I sing, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." A federation of the members of different denominations would doubtless be a success if they could all unite upon one pastor, but such an organization would be essentially a Congregational Church.

### A Dark Mystery.

The founders of Sunnyside sought to build a town that should forever be free from saloons. It became evident that "blind pigs" were dispensing intoxicating drinks. Evidence was obtained and local convictions secured, but the county authorities refused to prosecute the offenders. The Sunday ball game was introduced, and there was open talk of saloons in Sunnyside. The indignation of the better element became so great that a mass meeting was called, over which I had the honor of presiding. A "Good Citizens' League" was formed, for the enforcement of law and order.

H. E. Nicolai, a very prominent and public-spirited citizen, who had been active in securing evidence against "blind pigs," was elected president. On taking the chair, he spoke of his enmity to the saloon and his determination to do all in his power to keep it out of Sunnyside, though his life had been threatened.

About six weeks later, our community was horrified by the report that Mr. Nicolai had mysteriously disappeared, the night before, on his way home from town. Searching parties started in every direction, looking for some clue to his fate. A reward of $1,200 was offered for his body, dead or alive, but, to the present day, the mystery remains unsolved. The county authorities showed so little interest in the matter that a committee of our League waited upon them, last week, and obtained an appropriation, not to exceed $1,000, to be used in investigation.

Last week two of us went to Zillah, about 17 miles from Sunnyside, to stir up public sentiment. Our cry was: "No saloons under the Sunnyside Canal." A local League was formed, and within two days they presented the County Commissioners such a petition against granting the saloon license, which had been applied for by the neighboring town of Granger, that the license was denied.

The sacrifice of this human life has so thoroughly aroused the anti-saloon sentiment of this community, that, one after another, those who are saloon sympathizers are selling out and leaving town.

### Preaching the Gospel to the Poor.

Being one of three pastors in our Federation, I have to be in Sunnyside every third Sunday only. The other two I devote to Sunday-school work in the outlying districts. My initiation into this branch of the service was a run-away, in which the deacon who drove and I narrowly escaped with our lives. I soon adopted horseback riding as the most practical way, within my means, of getting over the country. My first trip of this kind was to a land of homesteads. At nightfall I came to the home to which I had been directed, and found the house to consist of one room and a small lean-to kitchen. The family was composed of husband, wife and one child. The young wife seemed rather embarrassed, but I managed to secure lodgings with a bachelor on an adjoining place.

On another occasion, I rode thirty miles over ice and snow, in a bleak north wind, to Dead Canyon. There had been some mistake about the announcement, and when I reached the school house it was locked up, and not a soul in sight. Fortunately I

had a companion with me. Not a human habitation could be seen, except a sheepherder's tent-house on wheels.

Finding no one there, we built a fire in the stove and made some coffee to drink with the lunch we had brought. When we had finished, we washed the dishes, swept the floor, and got fresh water. You are expected to take such liberties, but if you do not leave things as you find them, you may have to answer for it at the point of a revolver.

Traveling last winter was made unusually difficult in the Yakima Valley by the washing away of bridges. In going to the Wenas Valley I used to borrow a horse and sled of Brother Herbert, in the Natchez, and drive twelve miles over the divide. I had to return to the Natchez in the night, after the evening service, in order to catch the only train for North Yakima, next day. It was a long, solitary ride to cross those mountains alone, — miles, perhaps, at times—from a dwelling, and no other light than that of the stars feebly reflected by the snow. Sensation was benumbed when, long after midnight, I quietly crept into our good brother's parsonage, where the latch-string had been left out and a cosy nook prepared for me to crawl into.

The oldest settler at Barrel Springs tells me I am the only minister who has ever been there. From Black Rock, I tried to find my way home by a short cut. I lost the trail, and wandered about in the sage brush until after midnight. Fortunately, the moon was full, and at last I regained my bearings. In Horse Heaven, after organizing a Sunday-school, one Sunday morning, I was driven eight miles to another district, where a Sunday-school was already in progress. At the close, I preached to a congregation which exceeded the capacity of the schoolhouse. One man told me that was the second sermon he had heard in seven years. After shaking hands cordially with another man, I found he had left a dollar in my hand. He said he had never heard a sermon which did him so much good, before.

In the Rattlesnake Hills, I have organized two Sunday-schools. From one of these schools, the teacher of the Young People's class writes me as follows:

"Our Sunday-school has kept up splendidly. I have been especially pleased with the interest the young men took. For the first time for several springs they did not organize a Sunday baseball team. The leaders were at Sunday-school every Sunday, and they always appeared so interested. Once or twice, as I have been talking to them, the tears coursed down their cheeks. That seemed like interest to me."

"We are very grateful to you for your help in organizing the Sunday-school and hope to have you with us 'ere long to give us another one of those good 'Congregational sermons.'"

Does it not pay to do this kind of work?

Much of the wheat land in this region has suffered from successive crop-failures. In one of these places I heard a friend say: "No man in this community has one cent which can properly be called his own."

Pointing to some of our large wealthy churches, the cynic sometimes asks with a sneer: "Is the gospel being preached to the poor?" I answer "Yes. The poor may not often be found in those churches, but the contributions of those congregations go far toward supporting such work as that I am describing. They send the gospel both at home and abroad to hundreds of people too poor to sustain a preacher."

### Our Home Life.

We are conscious of the contrast between life in a favored city like Oakland, from which we came, and life in a primitive settlement without even the conveniences of public lights and water. But we believe the best time to influence a community for good or for evil is when it is young and rapidly growing.

Our moving expenses being greater than we anticipated, we have been unable, thus far, to secure any means of conveyance suitable for our work. A saddle-horse I had several months for the keeping was sold, and the one I am now riding, a friend in Berkeley has promised to buy for me, in the interest of the cause of Home Missions.

Half an acre of ground goes with the house we are renting, and we have a good kitchen garden. Hearing, one evening, of a swarm of bees, unclaimed, we bought a hive and captured it. We have chickens, and the use of a cow for the keeping. Our haystack, like the widow's cruise of oil, has kept replenished for some time without expense to us. Some of our friends have placed a "Farmers' Phone" at our disposal, which we find very convenient. Our greatest surprise, however, was

### A Missionary Box,

received a few days ago from the ladies of our former parish, at Auburn, California. The box contained a valuable assortment of drygoods, table linen, books, and miscellaneous articles, supplemented by a money order for forty dollars. We were delighted and deeply touched to be thus remembered by our friends and former parishioners.

We are also grateful to the Oakland friends of the Second Church, who did so much to assist us in the trying days of our departure and by the many kind attentions they have shown us since.

Another generous gift comes from Mrs. Laura T. Perkins. It is nothing less than the valuable library of our dear brother, whose gentle, loving spirit has recently left us. This will not only add many useful volumes to my collection, but will greatly increase its hallowed associations.

Indeed, we appreciate, more than words can tell, the many tokens of love and confidence which have come to help and cheer us in our new field of labor. In this letter I have tried to supply the information desired by those who have been kind enough to express a personal interest in our new work.

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## A COMMENDABLE FOREWORD.

### The Washington Association.

The Rev. William Orr Wark, pastor of the church at Bellingham, sent out on the 10th of August a letter to the Washington brethren, from which we quote as follows:

"You are aware that the churches of our faith have accepted the invitation of the First Congregational Church of this city to gather here for their 19th annual meeting. As pastor of the Bellingham Church, I am sending you this word of greeting and assurance that in good time all things will be ready for your reception and entertainment. As this will

be the first time the General Association has convened in Bellingham, we shall expect Christian consideration of our proffered hospitality.

"The ministers, the churches, the denomination, the interests of the Kingdom of God in this State, would seem to require such a gathering as this for prayer, an interchange of views, and the adoption of a common plan of action.

"I give you a hint as to what the program will offer: First, the laymen are to have a hearing. Aside from one address, the entire second day of the meeting, including the evening, will be occupied by laymen. The men who are to appear are among the ablest in the churches of the State and the topics are of commanding importance. Second, Four of our pastors are to expound as many of Paul's Epistles. An hour will be given to each man. Outlines, bibliographies, and every aid toward suggesting material for a season's preaching will be provided. Third, a library of 100 volumes—the best and latest books—will be sent on by the C. S. S. and P. S. for the inspection of the brethren and from which they may order. The American Board will have a complete line of literature for distribution and missionary libraries, etc., for examination.

"The date of the meeting will be September 17-19, 1907. Programs will reach you not later than September the first."

## THE OPENING OF THE BERKELEY CHAPEL.

Four years ago a Sunday-school was organized in South Berkeley in a large rambling shack of a building on California and Ward streett. The pastor of the Berkeley Park Church, Rev. W. N. Scudder, took great interest in the movement, giving much time and attention to it. It was superintended also by a member of that church, Mr. Hallowell, and the teachers largely supplied from it. Mr. Hallowell, finally, because of the press of other duties withdrew from active service in it. Rev. Francis W. Reid was on hand to take up the labor and has continued to faithfully look after the school since. The school has had varied experiences. Having been compelled by force of circumstances to give up its first place of meeting, it was held for a time in the public school building, then on the steps of the house and in the school yard. The churches about the bay became interested in the wanderings of the school and decided to provide a home for it. The Prudential Committee went vigorously at it, a lot was purchased, the churches supplying the money, a chapel, commodious and attractive was erected into which the school was introduced on Sunday, Aug. 11. The re-opening of the school was celebrated by special music and appropriate addresses from the pastors and those interested, among whom were Mr. Arlett, Rev. Mr. Mowbray, Rev. Mr. Rathbone, Prof. Castor, Mr. Hallowell, Rev. Mr. Maar and Rev. Mr. Singer. The churches were well represented, as well as the community, there being about 130 in attendance. The children have been promised an automobile ride on certain conditions which they will surely fulfill.

The building of this chapel is the fulfillment of "great expectations." From the beginning the children were taught to look forward to a home, though just how it was to come no one knew. One little girl earned and gave the first dollar. It was a good nest egg, as the results show. The chapel is situated in a growing community much in need of the work. Evangelist Rev. Mr. Hare, will preach Sunday evening, Aug. 18th, which will probably be the opening of a series of meetings. Rev. Mr. Singer, superintendent of the Sunday-school work, who conducted the exercises at the re-opening, is especially gratified with the fellowship expressed in the work of the Prudential Committee. The title to the property is vested in the committee, and is but the beginning, we trust, of more work of the same character.

## A GOOD RESULT.

Under the operation of the new Pure Food Laws, baking powders now generally bear on the labels a statement of the ingredients. This is of utmost importance because of the harmful ingredients in many cases.

Royal Baking Powder is known to be the only baking powder made of Royal Grape Cream of Tartar, and this, no doubt, explains its greatly increased sale here.

Careful housekeepers are taking advantage of the protection which the Laws afford, and are examining all the reading matter on the back of the label before adopting any brand for use in the home.

When in place of the words Cream of Tartar the words "alum," "aluminum" or "phosphate of lime" appear among the ingredients, they heed the warning and avoid baking powders containing these substitutes.

The National Reform Association has set apart, by way of suggestion, the second Sunday in September, to be observed as a day of special prayer for public schools. We are informed that the suggestion has met with hearty approval by several of the ecclesiastical bodies of America. The suggestion appears exceedingly appropriate. The hopeful sign, foreboding good to the country, is the abiding and increasing interest in the welfare of the children of our day. And well it should be, for they are the invading army, never to be conquered. They will inevitably seize and hold with undisputed sway—so far as the present generation is concerned—sovereignty in Church and State. Will they be qualified in head and heart for this responsible position? On answering this question, multipjlied millions of voices will, on the second Sunday in September, go up to Almighty God in unison of spirit and oneness of purpose for divine watch-care over the more than twenty millions of American children in our public schools.

**What is Whisky?** has been the subject of a meeting by attorney general Bonaparte. He thinks "whisky straight" is all that is allowed under the pure food law. The "whisky blenders," the manufacturers are up in arms. They think the more the whisky is mixed with tobacco, Jamestown weed, brown sugar, tarantula juice, the bitter and more deadly it is. At any rate the question, what is whisky? must now be construed by the courts. It has been defined as "distilled damnation." It is the enemy of mankind.

Prohibition in Georgia is an important forward movement in the South. The South is not so completely under the domination of the Liquor Dealers' Association. More and more this is becoming the paramount question not only in the South but in every state in the union. The life of the republic depends on the proper solution of the liquor problem.

# The Home.

Use well the moment, what the hour
Brings for thy use is in thy power;
And what thou best can understand
Is just the thing lies nearest to thy hand.

## MISTY-MINDEDNESS.

"She is the dearest woman in the world," lamented her friend, "but she is so misty-minded!"

It was only too true. The woman in question was warm-hearted, charitable and well-meaning in all the relations of life, but she was a trial to all who knew her because of her ingrained habits of inexactness, unpunctuality and of general vagueness of mind.

Misty-mindedness is the feminine counterpart of absent-mindedness. That masculine failing, however is usually the accompaniment of genius. The man who, with his head in the clouds, listens with upturned face to the music of the spheres cannot be expected to remember to pay his butcher's bill or order the coal.

Pasteur at a dinner party dipped his cherries one by one into his glass of water and carefully wiped them, explaining that they were covered with microbes, and then with a fine unconsciousness drank off the glass of water.

A famous archbishop, also dining out, forgot that he was not at his own table, and remarked loudly to his wife, "This soup is again a failure, my dear."

The great theologian, Neander, would walk to his classroom with a broom under his arm instead of an umbrella, or wander through the streets of Berlin unable to recall the situation or number of his own house. A United States senator was observed not long ago, at a presidential dinner, to pull from his pocket in place of his handkerchief a huge blue woolen sock and unconsciously wipe his heated brow.

Such absent-mindedness brings only an indulgent smile, but feminine misty-mindedness is another matter. This does not imply genius, only indefiniteness. Its possessor may, and indeed usually does, go through life in gentle unconsciousness, but her friends live in an atmosphere of exasperation.

There is more than one woman who habitually rustles down the church aisle just as the sermon begins and says smilingly afterward to her pastor: "You must excuse my being always late. You know in the church which I formerly attended the service began at eleven, and it seems more natural to me to come at that hour than at half-past ten."

The wife of one of our most distinguished novelists has a most hospitable heart and frequently invites her friends to dine informally, but she then forgets all about the matter. When they appear in her drawing-room at the time named, she smilingly observes:

"Now did I ask you to dinner? Well, well, I'd quite forgotten it, but I'm delighted to see you. Just wait one moment while I put on my bonnet, and we will run around the corner to the restaurant and have a charming evening together."

A number of college girls became interested in settlement work in a city near by, and invited one hundred Jewish children to spend a day in the college grounds. A simple luncheon was prepared by the girls, consisting of milk and unlimited supplies of sandwiches. Unfortunately, the sandwiches were all made with ham, and a certain chill was thrown over the feast as one by one the conscientious but disappointed little Israelites opened them and laid aside the meat.

A young girls came to her aunt in despair with a beautiful cloth suit covered with tarry oil. "Never mind," comfortingly observed the elderly and experienced matron, "Vasaline will take it all out." The girl industriously rubbed the skirt well with the vasaline, but saw no improvement. In despair she called the aunt to look at the garment, now a mass of grease. "Mercy!" gasped her distressed relative. "Did I say vasaline? I meant gasoline."

Mrs. Deland tells of a woman who attempted to congratulate her on her recent book. "Oh, I do want to thank you for your stories! I have never read anything more delightful than your Old Chestnut Tales."

It is the misty-minded woman who keeps her appointments a day too late; who goes to the wrong station to meet her friend, arriving in an unknown city; who cannot understand how her bank account can possibly be overdrawn when she still has unused checks in her book. She never learns what is the trouble. Her gentle soul is perpetually being hurt by critical, impatient, even fault-finding words, uttered in moments of indignation by her nearest and dearest; she forgives them, for she never cherishes a feeling so definite as anger, but she painfully wonders why they were said since she had intended to do just the right thing.

Several writers have sounded the note of warning. Dr. Johnson is quoted as having said, "If a boy says he looked out of this window when he looked out of that—whip him." Ruskin has emphasized the necessity of training children in accuracy of observation and speech. Emerson sums it up in his Essay on Prudence: "The discomfort of unpunctuality, of confusion of thought, of inattention to the wants of tomorrow, is of no nation. Scatter-brained and afternoon men spoil much more than their own affair in spoiling the temper of those who deal with them."

After all it is all a matter of definiteness. Exact knowledge of things of everyday life, of money, of time, of engagements, is what is needed. It would seem easy enough for one to be practical, to be punctual, to be accurate, but it is not easy. Doubtless, to her own dismay and her neighbors' exasperation, the misty-minded woman will be always with us, and will continue to wander vaguely, smiling, exasperatingly, through life.—Caroline B. Burrell.

## DOES THE AVERAGE AMERICAN DO TOO MUCH?

Philip F. O'Hanlon, M. D., Coroner's Physician, New York City.

The nervous strain of the typical busy life in a great city like New York undoubtedly hastens death. I base this evidence upon the tangible evidence of many hundreds of autopsies, performed as a part of my official duties. In a surprising large number of these cases the diseased condition to which the death could be directly traced was not, in itself, a sufficient cause. If there is enough general viality or nerve force in the body, a human being can live for a long time with at least one organ far from healthy. The others, as in a happy family, come to its rescue and relieve it of a part of the burden of its work. Nature

spurred on by general vitality in her indusry of preserving life, makes a new adjustment to meet the changed conditions in the body.

In post-mortem examinations I often find a disease of many years standing which has not been the cause of death. In another body, however, his same disease, in a milder form, will have had a quick and fatal termination. My observaion has been that in a great number of cases the difference between life and death has simply been a difference in nerve force.

The rapidity of the pursuit of business and pleasure by the ambitious and active city dweller undermines this force. To put the matter on a physiological basis, there is too much blood in the brain. The circulation is impaired, and the other organs suffer from an insufficint supply of the vital fluid. The disturbance of the balance results in minor physical ills, which rob the brain of its elasticity. But it is still urged on, and this involves an extra strain which reacts upon the body. Thus brain and body are in conflict, and are injuring each other, instead of working in that harmonious partnership which is conducive to contentment and long life.

The tendency to be continually striving to put into effect the ideas of too ambitious brains is the great defect, from a physiological point of view, at least, in the American life of today. The race would have more longevity and strength , I think, if we would be content with a less rapid development, and would view life with more philosophic calm. I believe that the majority of the railroad accidents in the United States are due to the fact that employees are required to do too much work. My personal investigations of the loss of a thousand lives on the "General Slocum" have convinced me that that awful catastrophe would never have occurred if the inspectors had not been expected to cover so much ground that careful work was out of the question.

Europeans do less work than Americans, but, on the whole, I believe they do it better. There are some things we could learn from them; chiefly, that to go slow and sure is one of the best policies, and that there is much more to be gained in life than can be attained by an eternal fight for money. My advice to the average American is,—slacken your pace, if you don't want death to knock prematurely at your door.

# The Quiet Hour.

"Charge not thyself with the weight of a year,
Child of the Master, faithful and dear,
Choose not the cross for the coming week,
For that is more than he bids thee seek.

Bend not thine arms for tomorrow's load
Thou may'st leave that to thy gracious God.
Daily only he saith to thee,
'Take up thy cross, and follow me.'"

## THE SIMPLE LIFE.

The simple life seems to come to this: the attachment of one's self in absolute devotion to the great things, to the real and the true things, the embarking of our whole fortunes in them, whatever may happen. "The inner self," says Marcus Aurelius, the self which he elsewhere describes as "the God within us," "on that stake all!" This indeed simplifies matters wonderfully. Followers of the rule do not usually become millionaires. They have a better chance of crucifixion. Yet it is they only who lay hold upon life, yes, even upon this life; for it is they only who reach the secret of its absolute simplicity. It is they who discover that from beginning to end of its infinite diversity life is but one thing, woven of the same stuff throughout. These men, in their work and their play, in their outlook on nature, in their solitary contemplation, taste the divine flavor of living. They find the One in the All, and that One to be more than satisfying. As the "Imitatio" has it, "He to whom all things are one, and who draweth all things to one, and seeth all things in one, can be steadfast in heart, and remain peaceable in God."

Here is the simple life, the simplicity which is the last word of art as it is the last of inner cultivation. When we have reached this point, the minor details will not greatly trouble us. About luxuries we can accept the rule of Antonius: "If there, he partook of them unaffectedly; if absent, he did not feel the lack." We escape poverty by observing Seneca's law that "not he who has little, but he who is always desiring more is the poor man." We follow also the French proverb: "If we have not what we like, let us like what we have." For what we have is, after all, so much! God' the universe, and your own soul! Kings and emperors cannot cram more into their cup than that. The odds are that in your simple state you will get more of this feast than they.—J. Brierley.

## OUR LIFEWORK.

Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D.

Let us then deal honestly with ourselves, and wipe off the reproach of promising without performing, and of staying among the mere preliminaries of obedience. God has desired us not only to think right, to cherish certain feelings, maintain certain observances, but he has enjoined all those things as helps and incentives to the doing of his will. He has said to each of us, "Go, work." His call comes to us in this form. If you have any connection with God at all, he has said to you, "Go, work." And it is a poor reason, surely, to offer for our not working, that we have seen most clearly the reasons for working, and that no one has been more ready to promise obedience. Which of you, being a parent, would not stand amazed, if, when you challenged your child for not doing what you had told him, he were to say in excuse, "But I promised to do it; I know that I ought to have done it." Would you not fear that some strange obliquity of moral vision had affected your child; and would you not fear lest a child who could offer so utterly unreasonable an excuse might fall into the most flagrant and enormous vices?

The question, then, is, What have you **done**? The passer-by who saw the one son stripped and hard at work under the sun among the vines, while the other lounged simperingly on the road telling people what an admirable man his father was, and what a pleasure it was to work for him, and how much he hoped the vintage would be abundant—I say, the paser-by would have not the slightest difficulty in forming a judgment of the two sons. Would he that has noted your habits—and many have noted your habits—feel quite sure you were God's obedient son? Would he think it absurd to ask whether you had **said** you would

obey, having the far better proof of an obedient spirit, that you were actually obeying? So judge yourself. Do not believe in your purpose to serve God better until you do serve him better. Give no credit to yourself for anything which is not actually accomplished. Do not let us be always speaking of endeavors, and hopes, and intentions, and struggles, and convictions of what is right, but let us at last do God's will.—"Parables of Our Lord."

# Young People.

## THE SIGN THAT NED HUNG OUT.

A little Lie, one summer day
Met a Bad Habit on the way.
"Come right along," it cried with joy,
"We'll make our home with this small boy
Who lives upon the corner here,
He'll give us welcome, never fear!"

But Neddy Green was not the kind
Of boy the Lie had hoped to find;
He had a sign that he hung out,
When such intruders were about,
A good big sign, with letters clear,
Proclaiming, "No Admittance Here!"

"Pshaw," said the Lie. "That's just a game!
We can get in here, all the same."
So both of them began to knock,
They pushed the door, they tried the lock,
But no! the sign was really true,
For Neddy meant it, through and through.

"Well," said the Habit, with a sigh,
"We can't get in here, you nor I.
If signs like this should come in style,
We'd starve in just a little while!"
And off they slunk with footsteps slow—
Oh, how Ned laughed to see them go!

## THE HEART THAT MAKES THE WISH.

Two little Indian boys, to whom the missionary, going back and forth across the plains on his errands of love, was a familiar figure, were talking the other day as to what they would like to be and do when they were men.

One exclaimed, "I wish I could be a preacher, then I'd go and tell everybody all the good things I know."

The other hesitated for a while. It seemed to him the very best wish had been made. But suddenly his face brightened, and his shrill little voice rang out with a note of triumph:

"I wish I could be a horse and buggy; I'd carry the preacher to tell the good things."

Those who heard it didn't laugh. They knew the earnestness of the heart from which it had come—a heart willing to be anything so that the "good things" might "go" to others. Willing to be even the preacher's horse and buggy if he couldn't be the preacher.

The heart will make the wish. Whatever is in it will come to the lips, and make itself felt, and seen in deeds of love and usefulness or to the contrary. And I have noticed that whenever the heart is running over with earnest desire, the one to whom the heart belongs is not only wishing all the time to show the love, but is willing, like the little Indian boy, to do anything, to be anything, however humble, to prove its sincerity.

## A RIDDLE.

The following physical puns, called the "Bishop of Oxford's Riddle," have furnished much entertainment:

1. I have a trunk—my body.
2. And two lids—eyelids.
3. And two caps—kneecaps.
4. Two musical instruments—drums.
5. Two established measures—feet.
6. A great number of articles carpenters can't do without—nails.
7. I always have about me a couple of good fish—soles.
8. A great number of small shellfish—muscles.
9. Two lofty trees—palms.
10. Some fine flowers—tulips.
11. Two playful domestic animals—calves.
12. A great number of small wild animals—harts.
13. A fine stag—heart.
14. A number of whips without handles—lashes.
15. Some weapons of warfare—arms.
16. A number of weathercocks—veins.
17. An entrance to a hotel—insteps.
18. At a political meeting on the verge of a division—eyes and nose.
19. Two students—pupils.
20. A number of Spanish grandees—tendons.
21. A big wooden box—a chest.
22. Two fine buildings—temples.
23. A product of the camphor tree—gums.
24. A piece of English money—a crown.
25. An article used by artists—palate.
26. Boat used in racing—skull.
27. Used in crossing a river—bridge (of nose).
28. Pair of blades without handles—shoulders.

## TOO CAREFUL OF HIS RIGHTS.

The people who make it their chief business in life to see that they are not imposed upon, very frequently wrong others in their over-eagerness to maintain their rights. The following incident has a valuable lesson for all impulsive folk who are also a little inclined to suspect the motives of other people.

A countryman, says an exchange, came into a village store with a very angry demeanor. "Look here," he began sharply, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here yesterday, and when I got home I found 'em mor'n half walnuts. And there is the young villian I bought 'em of," he added, pointing to the proprietor's son.

"John," said the father, "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready response.

"You needn't lie about it," exclaimed the farmer, still further enraged by the young man's assurance.

"Now, look here," said John, with a good-natured smile, "if you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs, you would have found that I put walnuts in extra."

"Oh, you gave them to me, did you?" asked the man, in a somewhat mollified tone.

"Yes, sir. I threw in a handful for the children."

"Well, if you ain't a good one!" the man remarked, with restored good humor. "An' here I've been making an idiot of myself. Just put me up a pound of tea, will ye! I'll stop and weigh things next time."

And that resolution, modified to suit the individual case, is one we recommend to all our readers. Do not be so careful of your rights that you leap to the conclusion that some one is trying to wrong you. Stop and weigh things.—Words of Cheer.

## THE TRADITION OF THE ROSE.

The North American Indians of the western coast have a tradition that roses were created without thorns. So tall and fair they grew that all creatures were attracted by their beauty and grace. Animals that browse upon grass and green herbage soon discovered the tender sweetness of the rose's abundant foliage, and then every rose tree holding its flowers aloft but attracted attention and drew destruction to itself. Every part of the earth had been given its glory of roses, but in every place there were animals which sought the bushes to devour them, and the tribes of roses were in danger of becoming extinct. In their extremity they held a council; for in that far-away morning of the world, plants as well as animals had power to speak. To the council all the roses came, and each had a tale to tell of suffering and disaster. At length it was decided to send for help to the god-man of the tribes—the Hiawatha of the West. Delegates were chosen from among those who were maimed and torn and had suffered most. Others also were sent who were tall and fair and graceful. Wisely this council discerned that should justice be denied the tribes, beauty might prevail in their cause.

The conference was long and grave. At its close an armory of thorns was given to every rose, and thus were the tribes of roses delivered from their enemies. —Frof "Legends of Roses," by Mrs. A. S. Hardy, in The Circle for June.

## "HAPPYING UP."

Agnes is a little girl with such a bright, happy face that it is a pleasure to look at her.

One day, in answer to her mother's call, she came running home from a neighbor's two or three doors away.

Her eyes were so bright, her lips so smiling, that her mother smiled, too.

"Do you want me, mother?" asked Agnes.

"No, dear," said her mother. "Not for anything important. I missed you, that is all. Where were you, daughter?"

"At the Browns'. And oh, mother, Walter was cross, but I happied him up, so that he got all over it; and then the baby cried, and I had to happy her up; then some one stepped on the kitten's tail, and I was just going to happy her up when you called me."

The mother laughed.

"Why, what a happying time you had! It must make you happy yourself to happy up little boys, and babies, and kittens, for you look as happy as possible."

And this is true, dear girls. The more we try to make others happy, the happier we shall be ourselves. Then put away frowns and pouting lips. Try to "happy up" those who are troubled, cross or sick, and soon you will find yourself so happy that your face will shine with smiles.

## THE COST OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CARMEN'S STRIKE.

The San Francisco carmen's strike has now continued for about three months. The direct loss to the carmen in wages and incidentals to maintain the strike is estimated by the San Francisco Chronicle, $4,000,000. The indirect loss to the working people of this stricken city is probably as much more. The merchants, contractors, and general commercial classes have suffered a loss of nearly as much. It is impossible to trace the effects of this appalling financial loss. In addition to the suffering of the two thousand striking carmen, hundreds and probably thousands of clerks have been discharged on account of lack of employment due to strike conditions. Great as is the financial loss, the greatest in the history of the city, yet the loss in higher values is inestimably greater. The generation and cultivation of coarse brutality; the murderous and rancorous spirit which has dominated the streets of San Francisco for the past one hundred days, have lowered the average manhood of the city by many degrees. The confidence of the public at large has been broken. The tide of marvelous prosperity which was rising to the dimensions of an abounding wave, has been turned back. From the most promising prosperity the city has halted and wavered and it is possible has lost many years of growth.

This is not all. The actual suffering of the working classes has been very great. The families of the carmen have suffered and will suffer. They have been driven from their homes. Thousands have been compelled to leave the city and are drifting aimlessly about under a blinding sense of injustice. Nearly every sort of loss has a compensating side but the strike has none. If a city is burnt down the work necessary to rebuild it is an asset. Even the destruction of war creates new and generally better conditions, but the strike is a form of bitter desperation which disintegrates everything sacred in the civil order. It is essentially anarchy, no matter what the provocation. Its basic moral principle is vengeance, personal retaliation, an attempt to right a wrong without a process of civil procedure. If God has made any revelation to man it is to the effect that blind rage is weakness. Back of all the social and political trouble in San Francisco is lawlessness. The disgraced and convicted mayor practically proclaimed at the beginning of his administration that is was not necessary to obey the law. He definitely stated that under strike conditions the law would not be enforced. He is essentially and first an anarchist. His stealings are personal sins, bad enough, but the treacherous principle of his reign of vice has been anarchy. No one should be deceived. San Francisco has been in an anarchistic condition from the day that he took oath of office. The end is not yet. Unless the press of San Francisco changes its moral tone and stands for law and order, we are but in the beginning of fermentation and disintegration. The strike is a form of anarchy which breeds economic death.

General William Booth, commander of the Salvation Army, received from Oxford an honorary degree. Concerning which the Christian Advocate says: "Of the distinguished men upon whom the ancient University conferred its well discriminated honors the name of William Booth, founder and General of the Salvation Army, marks the greatest personal triumph—a triumph of unselfishness. The most conservative institution in England, the Tory University which has always been loyal to Church and Crown, awards its highest favor to one of John Wesley's spiritual offspring, a man who has given his life to the evangelization of the common people, the social rescue of the 'submerged' masses. It is a vindication of genius applied to philanthrophy."

### IN CHARLIE'S POCKET.

"What's in your pocket, Charlie?" I asked.
"Oh nothing much," he stated.
That night, I sewed a button on,
And just investigated.

I turned the pocket inside out—
It scarcely took a minute—
You'll think I'm joking, I've no doubt,
Bt this is what was in it:

A top, a handkerchief in rags,
Some marbles and a whistle,
A pencil and two paper-bags,
Some chalk and a toy pistol,

Five nails, a screw, a hammer-head,
Two candles stuck together,
Some cigar-bands, a bit of lead,
Some scraps of soiled leather;

A cookie—stale, no longer round,
A knife, an old brass locket—
This is the "nothing much" I found
In Charlie Porges' pocket.
—Christian Observer.


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| 2 lbs. any flavor 75c Tea or 3 lbs. M. & J. Coffee | 1.00 |
| 3 cans French Sardines | .45 |
| 1-lb. tin Pure Baking Powder | .30 |
| 1 jar Heinz's Apple Butter | .50 |
| 10 lbs. Cream Rolled Oats or 7 lbs. Fancy Head Rice | .50 |
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